Volume LXXXV CHICAGO, June 3, 1920 Number 14

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house. Of petal and blade,
Of the roots of the oak, is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows, the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea: out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXV THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1920 Number 14

ON A EUROPEAN BATTLE FIELD.

They are not dead, the soldiers fallen here;
Their spirits walk throughout the world today;
They still proclaim their message far and near:
"Might is not right; God's truth must have its way!"

The cold, damp soil cannot these heroes hide,
These knightly lads who did not fear to die
That liberty and freedom still might bide:
Weep not for them, though here they lowly lie.

Go forth and tell their message to the world;
In vain their fight, in vain the foe withstood,
Unless above all kingdoms be unfurled
The pure white flag of love and brotherhood.

—*Thomas Curtis Clark.*

Probably the greatest speech ever delivered by an American, if we may indulge in any such generality, was that of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, November 18, 1863. No finer, simpler, nobler utterance is known to us. "It is for us, the living," is one of the most beautiful phrases in the world, and ranks, certainly, with "Shakespeare's "To thine own self be true." But all the majestic beauty of Lincoln's words passed over the heads of the members of his audience and made not even the slightest stir in the daily press. It is related that there was no applause when the President stopped speaking, whereas thunderous acclamation saluted the flowery oration of "the Honorable" Edward Everett; no one present in that assembly seems to have realized the splendor of Lincoln's words at the time they were spoken, only months and years afterwards came appreciation. The reporters for the great New York newspapers who were present missed the significance of the occasion as completely as did the lay observer. The *New York Times* for the following day carried the headlines "A Solemn and Imposing Event. Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Immense Numbers of Visitors. Oration by Hon. Edward Everett. Speeches by President Lincoln, Mr. Seward and Governor Seymour." The address of Everett was printed in full and lauded as "a classic and ornate oration"; no comment on Lincoln's speech was thought necessary. The *New York Herald,* however, surpassed the *Times* for crass stupidity. The *Herald* did not bother to print the speech at all. It merely said: "President Lincoln was also present." All of which would seem to indicate that the faults of the press in our day are not newly acquired, but that, on the contrary, they were present in appropriate virulence in our grandfathers' time. We shall never have a free and truthful press until we eliminate the profit element from the publishing business,—which cannot be accomplished until we have achieved the socialization of all industry. J. W. F.

In the *New York World* for May 12th there appeared a report from Des Moines, Iowa, headed: "Methodists to Have Two Negro Bishops." The dispatch which followed related that the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in convention assembled, had decided on the election of two Negro bishops "to be in charge of the Negro churches" of that denomination, the new policy thus introduced having been recommended by the Committee on Episcopacy. The report closed with these words: "The Negro bishops will be elected on separate ballots from the white bishops." Thus, in the last sentence, the Methodist Episcopal Church takes back with one hand what it has just given with the other. Segregation carried to its worst extreme,—the election of colored men on one ballot and white men on another. Why? Because these good churchmen, in defiance of the Christ they claim to serve, do not accept all men as brothers in the sight of God. Because they believe in race and class distinctions. Because, in a word, they are not Christians. Oh, what a sorry commentary on religion in our day and generation! One of the most powerful churches in the land will have Negro bishops,—oh, yes! But they will be set apart, they will be black, they will be outcasts,—just as they were before; they will be elected on a separate ballot. White bishops proceeding to Communion will carefully draw their skirts aside as they pass their colored colleagues waiting patiently for the crumbs from the sacred table. Would not Jesus say, "I know ye not"? J. W. F.

Whatever else may be said of Carranza it must be admitted that throughout his entire administration he was hampered and annoyed, if not openly fought, by some of the most sinister forces in the world. He believed in "Mexico for the Mexicans," and he sought to make his country self-reliant; such a program pleased neither the powerful British oil interests nor the equally powerful American mining and railway interests. He believed in breaking the influence of the reactionary Catholic Church and of the so-called "religious orders"; he tried to introduce a new religious standard, freer, nobler and truer in concept and practice. He was the object of a carefully planned

campaign of malicious misrepresentation by the Hearst newspapers—a deadly foe, in any such struggle. Organized capital, the Roman Church, a group of the most powerful newspapers on the continent; these were Carranza's enemies. His faults may have been many, his ability slight; but it would seem that he loved his country and sought to serve her loyally. Let us see what will happen in Mexico in the next twelve months. Will the British and American capitalists control the country? Will the Catholic Church regain its former stranglehold on the soul of the people? Will an American dictatorship result? Is Mexico to be annexed? These are the questions of the hour.

J. W. F.

We agree with President Wilson that the honor of our country is involved in the Peace Treaty. The honor of a country as that of a man or woman is something that cannot be treated lightly. Contracts solemnly entered upon are sacred things because when violated they not only bring the individual or nation which breaks them into contempt, but by that act the whole fabric of civilization is torn. The real question at issue concerning the Peace Treaty is one of a solemn contract the denial of which is a denial of the honor of our country. President Wilson accepted the conditions of the Armistice proposed by Germany that the treaty which should follow should be in accordance with the "Fourteen Points." This he did after consultations with "his associates" in the war. The question then is, does or does not the Peace Treaty represent the "Fourteen Points"? It was to a treaty in harmony with these points that we were pledged by the President of the United States. This is the point of "honor" that is the first thing to be considered in our debates in reference to the treaty. All other matters are secondary. A. L. W.

The "Labor Problem" is not, as so many often think, merely a question of wages, hours of labor and conditions of employment. We might as well argue that all Sam Adams had in mind was a trivial tax on tea. There are hot, hard and indignant protests against hours of labor, low wages and unsanitary and indecent conditions of employment. But these do not reveal the real heart of the "Labor Problem." Those who think they do are of the same mind as Lord North, who could not understand why the people of the colonies should be so irritated because of the tax on tea less than what was paid in the mother country. We are face to face today with not a mere demand for material things. It is something deeper and more fundamental. It is an expression of humanity's struggle to maintain individual self-respect on the one hand and a demand for a larger and fuller opportunity for the generations to come on the other hand. It is the Spirit of Democracy and the Sense of Responsibility for Unborn Generations united in a demand for a real chance for every child born into the world. All the forces of reaction in the world cannot stay these two fundamental passions of the race. A. L. W.

Among plans for developing International Friendship, one which should commend itself to our younger readers and to all whose work brings them in contact with young people, is that advocated by the Secretary of the New Hampshire Peace Society, Miss Mary N. Chase, who is also Secretary for the Promotion of International Amity at Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H. Miss Chase is attempting to work out a plan for correspondence between students in American schools and colleges and students in foreign countries, particularly in countries with which it may at any time seem especially desirable that friendly relationships prevail. Just at present, correspondence is being urged with students in Germany and in Mexico. Miss Chase writes us:

> I know of no more Christian or constructive work for our young people to be engaged in at present than to help in starting the healing streams in motion in Germany. The German boys and girls are starving for friendship as well as for food.

We are glad to reprint in "The Field" this week one of the letters which have been received from a German student, and to refer our readers to Miss Chase for further details regarding the plan. Q.

Gradually it is becoming apparent through the reports in the daily papers just why the financial affairs of the much heralded Interchurch Movement have reached a serious crisis. It seems that the Movement hitherto has received its funds through underwriting by various Boards of the co-operating churches. The banks advanced money on this paper and so the Interchurch World Movement had the money to pay its bills. All the money raised through denominational channels in the "great drive" was to go directly into the denominational treasuries. But the amount raised through the canvass of the "Friendly Citizens" was to go through the Interchurch treasury to pay its expenses which already amount to over $8,000,000. Any surplus was to go to the denominational Boards. The "Friendly Citizens" were supposed to be the thousands of persons, outside of all the churches, who nevertheless believed in their work. It was assumed that some $40,000,000 would come from this source. Unfortunately, however, the "Friendly Citizen" has only contributed something less than $3,000,000. Hence the critical situation. Either the various Boards must pay over the major part of their underwritings or else the money needed to pay the expenses already incurred and to provide for the continuance of the Movement must be raised in some outside way. In the case of most of the Boards, if

they should have to pay their underwritings, it would practically put them out of business, for these Boards had counted on receiving money from the Interchurch treasury instead of paying millions into it. Of the $336,000,000 it set out to raise, the big drive has only resulted thus far in pledges amounting approximately to $175,000,000. To the expenses of $8,000,000 up to date must be added $2,000,000 to cover expenses for the coming year. The question naturally presents itself: Why did the Friendly Citizen prove such a disappointment to the Movement? Is it because these outside "Friends" have ceased to believe in the Churches and their influence in modern society, or is it because they have grave doubts of the efficacy of these proposed millions to revitalize the waning influence of the Churches? Whichever may be the true answer, the admitted failure of the "Drive" may yet turn out for good if it opens the eyes of the Church leaders to the real situation and proves to them that mere money can never regain for the Churches their lost moral and spiritual leadership. Nothing short of a spiritual rebirth can accomplish that great end. J. H. R.

Maurice Maeterlinck, whose coming to America this past winter was heralded far and wide, has just recently returned to his own country. It is to be regretted that his inability to cope with the English language before an American audience made impossible his proposed lecture trip and deprived his many friends of the privilege of hearing him personally. But fortunately we have his message in his books, and in its essentials, it is a message vitally needed today. In spite of the fact that his essays and plays have been translated into practically all languages, he nevertheless stands as rather a lonely figure in this feverish age. For in an age that is chiefly objective, he would emphasize the subjective side of life; in an age dedicated to activities of all kinds, he summons us to rest; in an age that is noisy and boisterous, he would commend us to silence; in an age absorbed in social problems, he would have us remember the individual. Though of a very different type of mind and working along different lines, Maeterlinck belongs with those other Prophets of Revolt of the last half of the nineteenth century—Friedrich Nietzsche and Henrik Ibsen—Apostles of a new and higher type of Individualism. Nietzsche, with his doctrine of the Superman, Ibsen with his dictum that the majority is always wrong, and Maeterlinck with his gentle words of wisdom and insight are all pleading for the freedom of the individual to be his own and truest self if society is ever to be transformed into something higher and better than we now know. In Maeterlinck's words, "Before you exist for others you must exist for yourself; before you give you must acquire; before you do you must be." In other words, the quality of what we do in the outer world depends upon the quality of our own inner life. Our ideals of justice, of democracy, of brotherhood depend, in the last analysis, upon our experience of justice, of democracy, of brotherhood within ourselves. We shall never have a rebirth of freedom and justice in society until this rebirth takes place within our own consciousness. The tendency of this modern age is to become so immersed and enmeshed in the outer as to neglect the inner. Maeterlinck is by no means unmindful of the objective problems of his age, but he would help us to find a truer balance between the inner life and the outer, without which he believes no real solution of our problems can ever be found. It is this that constitutes the essence of his message to this age. J. H. R.

In a recent London *Nation* we notice an article by Mr. H. L. Mencken entitled, "The Literary Capital of the United States." This honor he confers upon Chicago,—in the regular Mencken way.

Mr. Mencken knows only one method for bringing an opinion home to the reader: by first butchering all possible opponents. In this case New York is the hardiest rival, and therefore is the first to have her ears cut off. One column out of less than three is devoted to this task; and the conclusion is that New York "has no definite intellectual life. . . . it is simply a sort of free port. . . . where the raw materials of civilization are received, sorted, baled and reshipped." Washington, St. Louis, New Orleans, Baltimore are next led to the slaughter. "They are merely overgrown villages." Boston must be included. "Boston is already senile"; and Philadelphia "too stupid to be interesting." But Chicago! "Chicago, the unspeakable and incomparable," and Mr. Mencken quotes the first line of Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems." It reminds us that there is a literary butcher as well as a "Hog Butcher for the World." But the former would not only butcher his prey, he would roast it and watch it sizzle, until his pet bull stood alone, triumphant, while those who might outdo it were reduced to ashes.

Once having brought his favorite thus into prominence, he erects every conceivable bulwark to keep it there. He says, for instance, that "Chicago, however short the time it has [an author], leaves him irrevocably his own man, with a pride sufficient to carry through a decisive trial of his talents"; but that "New York, when it lures such a recruit eastward, makes a pliant conformist of him, and so ruins him out of hand." "Witness Hamlin Garland," says Mr. Mencken. Unhappily Mr. Garland is the weakest of examples, for it was in New York that "Main Traveled Roads" and other early important work was done. And Chicago was for him the dull, degenerating, de-

pressing place, a round twenty years residence in which resulted in no productiveness of any moment whatever; then it was in New York again in 1918 that "A Son of the Middle Border" was written.

A certain literary criticism of the year 1810 read in part: "This is the mere naked offspring of a muddy or unfinished mind, which, for want of discrimination to point out the particular beauties of effects to admire, accomplishes its will by a sweeping wholesale term of comparison, more injurious to him they praise than to him they slight." We would not go this far, nor this far back, in speaking of Mr. Mencken. He has supplied a better text against himself in his "Book of Prefaces" with his reference to "the endless thirst to be soothed with cocksure asservations, the great mob yearning to be dosed and comforted [as], the undoing, over there, of three imaginative talents out of five." For this is also the undoing of Mencken, over here. The point Mr. Mencken makes about Chicago has a measure of truth in it, but the effectiveness of it is qualified by his habitual extravagance of statement. F. N.

A Course of Reading

It is the testimony of book publishers that the demand for books on the Great War has almost entirely disappeared, and that it is therefore the exception today for any book of this character to have a wide sale and reading. As a result of this fact, the publication of war books has almost ceased. A few are appearing, but these manifestly have a certain unique character which makes their appearance inevitable.

That the public mind should be eager to turn away from the consideration of the War, perhaps even forget it altogether, is only natural. After thinking of nothing else for five years or more, after living day and night in the constant horror of slaughter, starvation, disease and threatened disaster, a release or diversion of attention is necessary if we are to get back into anything like a normal state of mind and accustomed habits of daily experience. It would be a grievous mistake, however, and a lamentable commentary on human nature, if we should put the War and its aftermath altogether out of our minds. This War has truly been fought in vain if it has not interwoven into our thought, facts and conclusions which may serve to rescue us from a recurrence of armed conflicts. Of all the things for which we hoped as the consequence of the struggle against Germany,—peace, security, a world made safe for democracy, ordered international relations, free peoples—the War has brought us nothing. There can therefore be no compensation for the millions of lives lost, the hundreds of billions of dollars expended, the countries devastated and the populations stricken with nameless agonies, unless we at least gain from it all some clear vision of war's reality and some sound understanding of war's significance. Terrible as the War was, we should make it a part of our spiritual discipline to live with it, until we have made it the first duty of our lives to banish war forever from the experience of men.

It is fortunate that at this time there are appearing the first of what is destined to be that long succession of books which bring to us the revelation of what the Great War really involved. All during the period of the struggle, we lived under the influence of rumors and deceits and lies. The conflict was presented, from the standpoint of its causes and character and consequences, in lurid colors that bore no remotest resemblance to the dull drab of the actual facts. By some happy chance, as the result of independent thought and valiant spirit, there appeared from time to time some books or articles which told the real story; but our world was on the whole a false world in which we saw either complete illusion or deliberate distortion. Now, however, the truth is coming out. Already is it possible to gather together a kind of library of books which may be recommended as guides to truth. This library from now on will be rapidly enlarged. More and more of the facts will be revealed as reports are published, archives searched and personal confessions made. In such a place as this, only a mere suggestion can be given of what is before us in this field. Even such suggestion, however, may be useful; and therefore do we venture to present to the readers of UNITY an introductory "Course of Reading," for those who would understand whence this war came, what it was, and what it has brought upon the world.

I. *Causes.*—The myth of the War has it that the late European conflict was caused exclusively by the Germans. In August, 1914, according to this myth, the German people suddenly threw off the mask in which they had successfully disguised themselves for more than a generation, and revealed themselves as a race of demons. On the other hand, were the pure white angels of innocence and light who inhabited France and England and Russia. We had never known before that all Germans were fiends from hell, or that all Englishmen, Frenchmen and Russians were visitants from heaven. But this was because we had been living all the while in a fool's paradise. According to the myth, the outbreak of the war showed the race to be sharply divided between black and white, evil and good, darkness and light; and the line of division, strangely enough, was coincident with the boundary between Germany and France on the west, and Germany and Russia on the east!

What a ridiculous fairy tale all this is, was suggested by some brave teachers before the War had progressed a single year. It is now being proved by revelations that are almost daily being given to the

world. The roots of the Great War, as of every other convulsive social phenomenon, run deep down into the soil of our whole modern civilization. All nations contributed to its making; the whole character of our capitalistic civilization dictated its coming. Read in testimony the following:

"Ten Years of Secret Democracy".....E. D. Morrell
"How Diplomats Make War".....Francis Neilson
"Arms and Industry".....Norman Angell
"Why War?".....Frederick C. Howe
"Justice in War Time".....Bertrand Russell
"The European Anarchy".....G. Lowes Dickinson
"How the War Came".....Lord Loreburn
"The War of Steel and Gold".....H. N. Brailsford

II. *Character.*—What kind of a phenomenon is war? It might be thought that men had had enough wars in the past to learn what war is—that it is all evil from beginning to end, bringing nothing but ills and disaster to humanity. No sooner, however, were we plunged into a life and death struggle against our enemy, than we were deceived into believing that war, or at least this War, was good. We talked of the purging character of the strife, the fine benefits of military discipline upon our untrained youth, the spiritual exaltation of their great adventure for democracy, the ennobling influences of their dedication to a great cause, the religious revival certain to follow upon profound experiences of life and death. These were the lies we prated in order to keep up our courage and maintain our morale. But now that the aftermath has come, we see that they are lies—we do at least if we are honest! Read in testimony the following:

"War's Aftermath".....David Starr Jordan
"Paths of Glory".....Irving Cobb
"A Mechanistic View of War and Peace"..George W. Crile
"Under Fire".....Henri Barbusse
"Men in War".....Andreas Latskow
"The Judgment of Peace".....Andreas Latskow
"Civilization".....Georges Duhamel
"Now It Can Be Told".....Phillip Gibbs
"The Biology of War".....G. F. Nicolai

III. *Consequences.*—On Armistice Day (November 11, 1918) a great shout of joy leaped from the souls of all peoples the world around. For a few mad hours men were possessed by a delirium of exaltation. The fighting was done, and now the reward of sacrifice was at hand! Almost immediately, however, there began that dark experience of disillusionment and disappointment which has sickened the hearts of men until today they are wellnigh ready to die. Tragedy has followed upon tragedy, until now, as we look upon the peace which the War has brought us, we find that everything has been done in vain. "Prussianism," says one of the best informed men of our time, "instead of being destroyed has been openly adopted by its ostensible enemies, and the huge sacrifices offered up by the heroic armies of the foremost nations, are being misused to give one-half of the world just cause to rise up against the other half." This sober judgment is more and more finding endorsement from competent students of human affairs. Some foresaw the inevitable failure of the War; others are now confessing it. Read in testimony the following:

"The Great Illusion".....Norman Angell
"Democracy After the War".....J. H. Hobson
"The Economic Consequences of the Peace".....J. M. Keynes
"The Inside Story of the Peace Conference".....Edward J. Dillon
"Behind the Scenes at the Peace Conference".....Vernon Bartlett

IV. *Was all this inevitable?* Was there not a better way? A few voices crying in the wilderness have answered, Yes. Read in testimony the following:

"The Forks of the Road".....Washington Gladden
"Bethink Yourselves".....Leo Tolstoi
"Above the Battle".....Romain Rolland
"The Forerunners".....Romain Rolland
"Why Men Fight".....Bertrand Russell
"Christ and War".....William E. Wilson
"Clarté".....Henri Barbusse

Here are books to be read and inwardly digested, to be commended to other people, to be made a part of the modern scriptures of our race. We shall never abolish war until we understand how war comes, what it is when it is with us, and what it brings us when it is gone. John Milton speaks of it as

> Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell.

Thus must we see it and banish it from our world, as Jesus is said to have banished the demons from the afflicted of his time.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS."

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass:
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by;
War's annals will fade into night
Ere their story die.

—*Thomas Hardy.*

The Macmillan Company.

THE LINE OF BEAUTY.

Shrill pipings now and then I hear—
The swallow never sings;
I watch him write upon the air
Sweet poems with his wings—
A rondeau here, a roundel there,
With a sure rime that rings.

Recurring rhythm, graceful curve,
Describes he from the ground,
And suddenly you see him swerve
To bring his line around—
The line that Rodin loves to carve
And Wagner strove to sound.

—*Huw Menia.*

The New Commonwealth.

CONTRIBUTED

War and Religion

By Charles E. Beals

I. MAN'S EVOLUTION AS A WARRIOR.

Man is a warrior. His most conspicuous trait is his warfulness. The largest undertaking he ever has attempted is the war enterprise. To this he has given, and still gives, more time, work, strength, money, thought and blood than to anything else. The most prominent fact in human history, as Walter Bagehot points out, is man's progress in the art of war.

But back of the fact lies a reason. From man's first appearance on earth he was forced to fight. All living things are subject to a struggle for existence. This struggle is twofold, namely, for life and food, and for reproduction and perpetuation of kind. The human biped had to struggle against a thousand non-human foes, some of them vastly larger and stronger than himself. Through the invention of weapons and by group co-operation, man became the most effective fighter on earth, and the human species survived while scores of mightier animals became extinct.

Incessant struggle bred war habits and generated a battling instinct in men. Man fought man, group fought group. As years slipped by and decades lengthened into centuries, and millennium was piled on millennium, the fighting instinct constantly became stronger and more dominant. Need we wonder that the stoutest habit (exclusive of the habits born of the immediate necessities of physical appetites) which man brought with him from jungle and ice-field and cave was the battle habit? Need we wonder that war virtues are highly prized when we remember how greatly they have contributed to group welfare?

Militarism naturally grew out of man's primitive struggle for existence. When strength and skill and prowess had been carried to the highest possible degree in individual development, it only remained to organize this war spirit on a mighty co-operative scale. Hunting groups and fighting tribes broadened out into states and nations and huge allied international armies, until today we have a world in arms.

The large place which war fills in human activity is amply attested by history. Back of written chronicles are archæological data indubitably proving that, from earliest times, man has been a warrior. And written history is one long, lurid account of battles and wars. Cannibal expeditions, as William James reminded us, gave place to "princes' wars," "ladies' wars," and "bishops' wars," but the fighting never stopped. It wearies the mind to attempt to conceive of the loss of life inflicted by ancient nations like Babylonia, Assyria, Egypt, Media, Persia, Macedonia, Greece, and Rome; by mediæval conquerors and empires, and by the steel-clad nations of modern times. Read the story of a single city like Florence, for example, or survey the annals of a single nation like France. Successive wars and revolutions occupy the tale. One war scarcely ends before another begins. The fighting is well-nigh incessant. We find "Wars of the Lovers," "Wars of Magnificence," "Mad Wars," "Women's Wars," "Wars of Succession," a "Potato War," mine wars,—wars over pettiest trifles, and wars actuated by meanest motives. Bloch tells us that from 1496 B. C. to 1861 A. D. there were only 227 years of peace as over against 3,130 years of war; that is, there were about 14 years of war for each year of peace. Ferrari counted up some 7,000 revolutions which had taken place in Italy alone since the breakup of the Roman Empire. History records a Seven Years' War, a Thirty Years' War, a Hundred Years' War. At times the utter extinction of human society seemed imminent. Such is the testimony of history to the strength of the war habit.

The dimensions of militarism are revealed also in financial expenditures for war. Ever since the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648, which brought to an end the Thirty Years' War, the nations have maintained standing armies. This policy has become more and more burdensome, especially during the last half century when the race in rival arming has become frenziedly accelerated. Ever enlarging armies and bristling navies have been created in utter disregard of the economic welfare of the world. There appears to be no stopping-place short of actual bankruptcy. Our own United States, between 1776 and 1910, devoted three or four times as much money to war as to all other government functions combined. In time of peace, long before the great war broke out in Europe, we were spending two-thirds of our national revenues for war purposes. But these colossal figures are a mere bagatelle as compared with the stupendous war expenditures of 1914-1920. Certainly no other government function, measured by national budgets, begins to bulk so large as war-making.

Look at the hold which war has taken upon the human mind. You have not fully described the real strength of militarism when you have reviewed the record of battles and tabulated the money cost of armies and navies. Appalling as are the outward and visible features of war, they are not nearly so important as is the spirit of war,—the warlike mind and heart, the war soul which inhabits and energizes war's body. So strong a grip has war taken upon the intellect of mankind that militarism has been definitely formulated into a philosophy, and this militaristic philosophy at present is accepted to the exclusion of truer and nobler theories of life. It is a lamentable fact that the doctrine that neither life nor morals can exist without military strife occupies the field against all other philosophies.

Nowhere is the strength of militarism more completely revealed than in the sanction of war by institutional religion. With one or two noteworthy conceptions, like Confucianism and Buddhism, all the principal religions have countenanced war. Whether in ancient paganism, Mithraism, Mohammedanism, Judaism or Christianity, organized religion has officially approved war. Military leaders have used religion as a war asset. Flags are blessed with prayer. Prayers for victory in battle, even to this day, are put up by the followers of the "Prince of Peace" as naively as in the primitive days of rival tribal deities, or in the days of the diplomatic Constantine. Religion is used to "fanaticize courage," to incite people to pour out their treasure and lay down their lives. There are always plenty of parsons to "pray red," and churches have been turned into recruiting stations, or transformed into commercial agencies for the sale of "Victory Bonds." Catholics and Protestants alike have wallowed in human blood, forgetting

that he whose name they bear "came not to destroy men's lives" and that he forbade hate and instructed his followers to love even enemies. Perhaps nothing so clearly indicates the mightiness of the hold which militarism has taken upon the heart of man as institutional religion's hitherto unfailing readiness subserviently to wheel into line, booted and spurred, and its eagerness to bless each new outbreak of international slaughter.

(*To be continued.*)

"The Great Hunger"

The presence in this country of Dr. Johan Bojer brings back the joy of his book, "The Great Hunger," one of the great literary experiences of our day.

Who will ever forget the last chapter of that book? That chapter, together with the story of the Bishop and his candlesticks, breathes the spirit which is all that the world needs to re-create its past and to prepare its future. Both are only echoes of Gallilee, but what echoes!

In the last chapter of "The Great Hunger" Peer, the great creator in steel, honored with important commissions and filled with successes, has suffered a turn of personality which sends him down the grade, not alone of losses, but of failure to work at his profession. When he is reduced to poverty and definite want, carrying on a little blacksmithing business, and close to insanity, a rich relative offers to take their boy to educate him, and the parents suffer the loss for the gain of the boy. They are now left alone with their youngest, the little Asta. Next door lives a brazier, an "evil" man, who owns a great dog. This great wolf-dog flew at the throat of the child, and killed her. Then:

I sat alone on the promontory of existence, with the sun and the stars gone out, and ice-cold emptiness above me, about me, on every side.

But then by degrees it dawned on me that there was something left. There was one little indomitable spark in me, that began to glow all by itself. . . . as if an eternal will rose up in me and said: Let there be light!

I began to feel an unspeakable compassion for all men on earth and yet, in the last resort, to be glad that I was one of them.

. . . We bear within us an eternity of harmony and light both for the world and for God.

And I knew that what I had hungered after in my best years was neither knowledge nor honor nor riches . . . no, but to build temples . . . not chapels for prayers, but temples for the human spirit in its grandeur.

He felt that he could never do this now. Then came to the country a terrible drought. And at last, when people ventured to sow their corn, came the frosts and the sleet.

And that neighbor, the brazier, had his little patch sown with barley. But now he would have to sow it again.

And where was he to get the seed? He went from farm to farm begging for some, but people hated the sight of him after what had happened to Asta—no one would lend him any, and he had no money to buy. The boys on the roads hooted after him, there was talk among the neighbors of driving him from the parish.

There came a night when, as the clock struck two, Peer rose. And he answered to his wife:

"I want to see if we haven't a half bushel of barley left."

"Barley? What do you want of barley in the middle of the night?"

"I want to sow the brazier's plot with it. And it's best to do it now so that nobody will know that it was me."

"What? His—the—the brazier's?"

"Yes. It won't do us any good, you know, to see his bit of field lying bare all summer."

. . . I knew that she was dressing and meant to come, too.

It had rained during the night, and as I came out the air was soft and easy to breathe. The morning still lay in a gray half-light with yellow gleams from the wind clouds to the north. The scent of budding birches was in the air, the magpies and starlings were up and about, but not a human soul was to be seen. The farms were asleep, the whole country-side was asleep.

I took the grain in a basket, climbed over the neighbor's fence and began to sow.

It is on this picture that the book closes. But there is a word or two more, doubtless of what he thinks as he sows:

Just think how one man may give away a kingdom and it costs him nothing, and another may give away a few handfuls of corn and it means to him not only all that he has, but a world of struggle and passion before he can bring his soul to make that gift. . . . As for me, I did it . . . because I felt a vast responsibility. Mankind must arise . . . in the midst of its sorrows, it must take heed that the god-like does not die. . . . More and more it came to me that it is man himself that must create the divine in heaven and on earth. . . . Therefore I went out and sowed the corn in my enemy's field, that God might exist.

Ah, if you had known that moment! It was as if the air about me grew alive with voices . . .

And when the corn was sown, and I went back, the sun was glancing over the shoulder of the hill. There by the fence stood Merle looking at me. She had drawn a kerchief over her brow, after the fashion of the peasant women, so that her face was in shadow. But she smiled to me—as if she too, the stricken mother, had risen up from the ocean of her suffering that here, in the daybreak, she might take her share in the creating of God . . .

ZONA GALE.

In George Washington's Pew

It had been an unspeakable day. Incessant rain had filled the air of New York City with heaviness. The sidewalks were a string of miniature lakes, and at the crossings one picked one's way carefully through the slush. I had been assigned by my city editor to one of the recurrent strikes of harbor workers. This was, indeed, a regular assignment, for the outbreak of labor troubles on the waterfront had become as dependable as the motions of the stars. For three mortal hours that afternoon I had hung around the strike headquarters on the West Side, surrounded as usual by bad air, bad temper and bad grammar.

The meeting, like most of them, had proved entirely abortive, and with but a few shreds out of which to piece together a story, I was making my way back to Park Row. I confess I was weary, weary in mind and weary in body. For one thing I was harboring keen resentment at an industrial system which had no better shifts for the settlement of its differences that such crude performances as the one I had just witnessed. And then, too, there was the heavy, depressing weather.

I made my way up Fulton Street and turned into Broadway. As I passed the iron railing in front of St. Paul's Church one of the doors of the old edifice opened and a middle-aged man emerged from it. I began to speculate as to what he could have been doing in there, and then I remembered that it was not an uncommon thing for people to repair to these old churches, marooned in the business district, for "rest and meditation," as I believe the phrase is. Immediately a strong desire for a few moments' rest came

over me and in less time than it takes to tell it, I had passed through the swinging doors and was easing my weary limbs on a cushioned seat.

The quiet of the place I found most grateful. The dim light, the solitude—for the church was practically empty—the soft seat, all combined to create an atmosphere of intense restfulness. The sepulchral gloom which separated me from the door, beyond which I knew Broadway was bustling, had the lens-like effect of projecting the entire outside world an infinite distance.

My fatigued condition and the warmth of the place speedily induced sleep. While I have no recollection at all of having done so, the evidence is strong that I must have slid down on to the pew cushions. For how else could the janitor have failed to espy me when closing time came? At any rate it was in a recumbent position on the cushions that I found myself when I awoke.

Night had fallen and there was but the faintest flicker through the stained glass windows. From outside not a sound, save only the low drone of the city or the siren of a ship in the harbor. I sat up and indulged in an inward fit of laughter when I realized what had actually happened. I began to speculate upon how many hours I had been asleep, for I felt greatly rested and refreshed.

But laughter and speculation came to an abrupt stop. From head to foot I was trembling like an aspen leaf. I had stepped out into the aisle preparatory to seeking means of egress. Across the church on the north side beneath the gallery was Washington's pew, and in the pew—may I be undone for ever if I speak not the truth—sat George Washington himself!

I was half dead with fright. My heart was pounding upon my bosom and my knees were hitting each other with fearful force. For there he sat, the Father of his Country. There he sat, in a silver sheen, as though some glorious spotlight played upon him. There he sat, the Washington of my youthful enthusiasms, my hero, the figure around which I had woven webs of mystery and romance. There he sat, greater and grander than any of his pictures, nobler than any of his statues. There he sat, Washington of the straight mouth and nose and the deeply benevolent eyes, Washington of the white wig and waistcoat, cravatte and lace cuffs, and withal of the coat of many buttons.

Although in abject terror I remember I wanted to cheer to the very limit of my lungs. I wanted to scale the Woolworth Building and proclaim to one hundred and ten millions of my fellow-countrymen that he, George Washington, was here.

I was just wondering what I would do if he should see me, when, merciful heavens, his glorious countenance turned squarely upon me. He rose, and, in spite of the fear that was paralyzing me, I remember I was thrilled by his fine, tall form. He had seen me. Stepping into the aisle, with just the centre pews separating us, he greeted me: "Well-a-night, well-a-night, stranger," he said. "If you have honest business in this sacred building, have no fear. I am George Washington. In this church I was wont to worship. This is my pew," he said, pointing to it, "and I am fond of visiting it. Speak, who may you be?"

What I blurted out I do not know, for I was still shaking from head to foot and sweat was streaming from my forehead. I think I tried to say that I was in the church by misadventure and would be mightily glad to get out of it. I know I said something about being a reporter and I remember that this piece of information greatly interested and even excited him. Then in some way or another which I cannot explain we were soon standing face to face, and I remember that as I looked upon that kind, strong, honest countenance my fears gradually left me.

In another moment we were seated in his pew, the square pew under the gallery, adorned with the National and State flags.

"I like this old pew," said he. "It is still my favorite haunt. No one ever comes here at night and very few during the day. I go to Mount Vernon sometimes, but it isn't what it was. I prefer old St. Paul's. Sometimes, I am afraid they will put up an office building here, or a moving picture theatre or a restaurant. Don't let them do that," he begged. "Always say a good word for old St. Paul's, won't you?"

I promised I would and then he commenced afresh:

"You say you are a reporter. Well-a-day, you are the very person I need. I have a message for my countrymen."

At these words, I remember, I was tremendously thrilled. An interview with Washington! This, surely, was the pinnacle of journalistic fame.

"Yes," he continued. "There is a document of which my countrymen are ignorant through long familiarity. They know it by memory, but they have never learnt it by heart."

And as he said this he drew from his pocket a yellow, dog-eared document.

"A hand-out," I said beneath my breath.

But he had heard me. "A hand-out?" he repeated, "and pray what is that?"

"O, that is a newspaper term," I explained, "for something a reporter gets ready written, something you don't have to put together yourself, or re-write."

"Re-write!" he echoed vigorously. "That's the whole trouble. They've been re-writing it ever since it was written, and a nice mess they've made of it."

"Tell me," he went on, drawing closer and holding the document unopened in his hand. "Tell me: what is the matter with our country? What is in the minds of our people?"

"Well, sir," I said, trying to interpret the popular view, "they're afraid someone will attempt to overthrow the government. They think the aliens want to start a revolution."

"A revolution?" he repeated, slapping his knee and laughing so loudly that my fears began to return. "A revolution! Why, my dear sir, don't you know that I am the world's incomparable revolutionist?"

"O, yes," I said. "But that was long ago, when George the Third was king. The trouble today is that a lot of people are talking treason. They want to undermine the con—"

"Treason," interrupted Washington, laughing even louder than before and nearly frightening me out of my wits. "Why, my dear sir, if George the Third could have got hold of me treason wouldn't have been the word for it. Don't forget that treason has been very respectable in its day. Do you know, this very church wherein we sit was closed for many a long day because its sympathies were with our enemies."

There followed a long and painful silence, during which he slowly unfolded the document in his hand.

"This is an old document," he resumed, "but I doubt whether it will ever be out-of-date. Let me read you some of the things we revolutionists said."

And he began:

"'We hold these truths to be self-evident—that men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it.'"

To hear these familiar words thus read out, startled me strangely. I gave a furtive glance around the church, fearing that emissaries of the government might overhear us and lodge us in the Tombs.

"Well, what have you to say to that?" he asked confidently. "And now let me read you some of the things we charged against George III,"
he went on:

"'He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good * * * unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only. * * * He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither. * * *

"'He has combined with others * * * for depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond the seas to be tried for pretended offences * * * for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments; for suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.'

"Now, is that so very much out-of-date, after all?" he asked.

Then with great earnestness, but with his eyes aglow with benevolence, he proceeded:

"I want you to give my countrymen a message. Tell them to re-read this document and to ask themselves whether George III has really been driven from this land. Tell them to ask themselves whether, instead of one George III there are not now a thousand George the Thirds scourging our beloved country.

"Our people," he went on, "feel themselves handicapped and thwarted in their pursuit of happiness. They feel their lives patterned, moulded and controlled by someone whom they do not know and whom they have never seen. They desire more directly to control their own destinies. They long for a glimpse of the beautiful in their daily toil. They yearn for some adventure into science, art, literature and the other real things of life. They aspire to wider horizons.

"I do not believe," he continued with ardor, "that those who came lately to us from overseas—and by the way that is where we all came from—desire to re-establish tyrannies among us. They do not want violence; they want peace, they want justice, they want the things we want. Why are my countrymen so fearful? What of the generations of Americans that have gone before? Have they builded so poor a structure that it is liable to fall? Have they woven traditions of so poor a texture that they can be torn to shreds? Has the Christian Church had so little influence that the principles of its Founder can be overturned? What of our statesmen, our writers, our thinkers, our poets? What of millions of Americans who have lived worthily and honorably?

"I tell you it is false," he cried with growing heat. "It is damnably and everlastingly false. Tell my countrymen to have faith and courage. Tell them that where George III failed to stamp out discontent by brute force and blind repression they will not succeed. Tell them that these methods betoken weakness and lack of ability. Say to them that they are the resort of men bereft of wit and devoid of understanding. Tell them that it is moral bankruptcy. Tell them that faith and courage are the only energizing, vitalizing forces of life and that all else is vain and futile."

* * * * *

What transpired after this is vague in my memory. I recall only that I awoke on the cushioned seat where I had sat me down on entering the church, and that the sun was well above the horizon. I roused myself and looked cautiously around. There were already one or two worshippers. As quietly as possible I stole out and made post-haste for Park Row with my wonderful story.

City editors are notoriously children of this generation. When I described to Mr. Boggleby my interview with Washington he offered an outrageous and slanderous explanation.

"But," I pleaded, "read the Declaration of Independence for yourself and you will be astonished how much of it is applicable to the present day."

"Wake up, man, and cut out the ouija-board stuff," he replied contemptuously. "Why, we run that dope every time Washington's Birthday comes round. Good Lord, man, hasn't every American from New York to Frisco known that stuff backwards, and every other way, ever since he was a kid?"

"Why," I cried in triumph, "that's exactly what he said. You've used almost his very words. Yes, they know it so well they've clean forgotten it."

And so I knew that after all the message was real.

A. V. T.

SELECTED

Some Russian Interviews

II.—The Head of the Sanitary Department

My interview with Dr. Semashko, the head of the Sanitary Department, provided not only deeply interesting information but confirmed an opinion formed from investigation in other quarters—that the blockade, so far from quenching the spirit of the Russians, has roused their combative energy and stimulated them to discover ways of sufficing to themselves.

Proudly Dr. Semashko declared that their chief triumph was the unifying of all the medical services, of whatever kind, into one vast department. This gave them advantages in economy of working, in the utilization of service, in the distribution of medicaments, and, last, in fighting epidemics. The question of medicaments is a serious one for Russia. Formerly they were nearly all bought abroad, and the blockade, by closing the ports and the war by preventing them from buying in their usual market, Germany, had brought about a condition which threatened to be serious for the public health. Some had been bought in Ukrainia—these were German medicines—and much, some millions of roubles' worth, Dr. Semashko said, had been secured by contraband. But they had been stimulated to manufacture for themselves, and had been successful, especially in salicylates.

The sanitary condition of the country is not bad at present. In 1918 there had been a serious epidemic of typhus. (I had previously heard of this during a visit I paid, far into the country, to a huge textile factory, where, as one of the managers, an Englishman, said, the people died like flies.) The department had called on everyone, and brought in aid the workmen's committees, teachers, and others to preach and teach cleanliness. Now the average number of cases in Moscow was 24, a small thing in a city of one and one-half million inhabitants. I had been warned of cholera, and asked him about it. He said that there were some score or so of cases in Petrograd, and in Kursk. In Voronezh there were sporadic cases which proved, on investigation, to have been brought from Denikin's army, where it is widely spread, as also among the population of the territory he occupies. In Russia it exists, Dr. Semashko said, only among soldiers, not among the country people. In Moscow at the present time there are 14 cases of Asiatic cholera, bacteriologically proved. I have mentioned already the great care which is taken at the Moscow waterworks with the water supply, and that Moscow has been singularly free from epidemics. In my opinion

it is a healthy city, just now. Again, the Department has organized the workmen's committees against the disease, so that what might have turned to their disadvantage is prompting concerted action by all to spread enlightenment and fight infection.

"The department has stimulated research also," said Dr. Semashko. "In the typhus epidemic we isolated the bacillus and got good results by the use of a serum, though I do not yet consider its action as demonstrated."

The participation of the people in all departments really helps the movement towards national health set on foot by this department. Dr. Semashko has helpers from these committees, who work daily in his department, and on all the committees on venereal diseases, tuberculosis, prostitution, etc., there are representatives from the professional alliances (trade unions). He spoke quite warmly in favor of the new system and of the benefit that comes from participation by the people. "But," he said, "don't take my opinion; take that of a neutral doctor, Dr. Freiberg, who has been working here for years. He was asked by Petliura to go to Ukraine and organize a medical service. He refused, being enamored of the Soviet service, and, besides, because the dream of his life had at last come true—one unified, comprehensive medical service for the whole country."

As he had spoken of a committee on prostitution, I told him of my impression of Moscow as a town from which the open plague had disappeared, and begged him to explain. "It has gone largely," he said, "because we have treated the economic question of women properly, and so removed one of the great inducements to prostitution. We have introduced some repressive measures, taking the worst cases and segregating them where they can be taught to work. But one thing from which nothing but good has come is the inclusion in the committee dealing with this special subject of representatives from the Domestic Servants' Professional Union."

The principle of gratuity is carried out pretty thoroughly in this service. Medical education is gratuitous, so is medical service, whether in hospital, dispensary, or at home. The medical service has been nationalized, the most difficult part to organize being the medical service at home. But at last it has been done, at a cost of two million roubles, and 68 doctors with 120 assistants are at the service of the population of Moscow.

How effective this service is I know from personal experience, for I fell ill on my arrival, and a doctor had to be summoned at a late hour, past midnight. He was promptly in attendance, and treated me successfully.

The department maintains clinics of all kinds at various points in the city, and has raised the number of beds in hospitals from 3,000 before the Soviets came into power to 25,000—all being for civilians, the military forming a branch apart.

Again, I had to come to the conclusion, as in other Commissariats dealing with the personal life of the people, that the Soviet Republic is well served by its Department of Health, while the Director's frankness about the effect of the new form of Government is a direct proof that, so far from meaning anarchy, in this, perhaps the most sensitive of all Government organizations to interference, it makes for efficiency and for the spread of enlightenment. —*W. T. Goode.*

A BOOK A WEEK

James Waldo Fawcett.

UNITY'S readers will recall the name of Mary Badollet Powell with pleasant recollections of her poems, sketches and other contributions to our columns. A few friends of Mrs. Powell have determined to conduct this department during the present year as a memorial to her, believing that, as one has said who loved her and knew that books were her constant companions, "There is nothing she would rather have done than conduct such a department of review and such a memorial would be more exactly appropriate for her than any other and would comply with her wishes, if she could indicate them, more nearly than any of the usual conventional memorials." Each week, therefore, one new book of real value and significance will be reviewed by Mr. James Waldo Fawcett, whose writings are already familiar to our readers.—Eds.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY. By John Herman Randall. Brentano's. New York.

It seems to us that Dr. Randall wrote this book as a friendly gift to a worn-out world, to a sad and war-weary world, to a world almost too tired, too broken, to go on. As we read these pages it seemed to us that a kindly, brotherly hand was laid upon our shoulder and that a smile was present on the face of Everyman. What greater service could any writer perform than that? To come to us, when all appears to be lost and not quite worth searching for, and say: "Onward, comrade, and upward!" That is what Dr. Randall has done.

We read "The Spirit of the New Philosophy" traveling back and forth in crowded subway trains and waiting in railway stations,—in the center of all the confusion which characterizes our city-dwelling, city-toiling existence. We did not sit down in a quiet library nook and read lazily, as the idle may; we read as Dr. Randall must have meant us to read,—read on the run, between stations so to say. And it is to hurried people that this work will be of value, to the people who are being driven along at the end of the whip, who want more Time, more Love, not so much struggle and strife.

To the satisfied and comfortable Dr. Randall's message will not mean very much, for they will never be able to understand it, segregated as they are from the mass. To the others the "New Word" of fellowship is here, the word of Hope that will not deceive. It is an exposition of Christ's one and only Commandment, "that ye *love* one another."

The world would go mad completely, if it were not for Hope and Love; it ought to go mad without these gifts; sanity would be a cruel joke were they removed.

Beginning with a representation of the confusion present in the world, the unrest and ferment of nations, Dr. Randall shows us how the one thing which explains all this is the spirit of revolt that dwells in every heart, and then how it is possible for us to mould and direct this spirit's manifestation so that the recreated Eden of the poet's dream may come into realization. We are shown, too, how all the race's problems have a personal application, how within ourselves lies the answer to many of our most perplexing problems, how the Greeks wisely said "Know Thyself" and we may add "And Be Thyself." The causes of the great revolt are shown,—spiritual and material causes, ever-growing and increasing in power, asking "What is this Old Thing good for?" and "Why not try this New Thing?" in every department of life. Then, that the problem may be solved, the demand and ne-

cessity for Unity,—for a unification of ideals and purposes, for harmony and sympathy and understanding among men.

The word Unity is one of the grandest words in the language; it means everything and everybody, it is all inclusive, it shuts nothing out, it is a synonym for Love and Truth and Happiness and Mercy; in five letters it sums up the best aspiration of humanity in every age, it is a holy and gentle word. And, in this book, Dr. Randall has used the word Unity more frequently and with more telling effectiveness than any other word. He describes its meaning in detail; shows its personal application as Unity within oneself, the glorification of the best of one's personality; exposes man's Unity with Nature, with his fellows and with God; and, finally, demonstrates man's social Unity from the point of view of the State and that of the Church. The book closes with a beautiful appeal for the realization of the ideal of Unity. These are the very last words:

No man has ever had imagination enough to exaggerate the greatness of love. No one has ever yet begun to exhaust his powers of loving. No one has ever yet dreamed how great his love might become. If men would dare to believe in love and good-will as the mightiest forces in human life, in the presence of which armies and navies are insignificant and helpless, if they would begin at last to take Jesus seriously, and honestly attempt to translate his great ideals into living terms for all men, then indeed the new spirit of Unity would come welling up in the consciousness of humanity in response to Love's imperious call, and the new world would be fashioned by the men and women who had found themselves in union with All.

The whole book is so generous in purpose, so carefully and bravely and hopefully written, so inclusive in its appeal, that we feel that it may safely be recommended to any intelligent reader.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

NEWS FROM EUROPE

In Downing Street?

In spite of the widely circulated rumors to the contrary, the Press Association is informed that Mrs. Lloyd George has no intention of becoming a Parliamentary candidate at the next general election. She has been approached on the matter, but is of opinion that her greatest sphere of usefulness lies outside and not inside the House of Commons.

Ireland and Hunger-Strikers.

The following is taken from an editorial in the *Manchester Guardian*:

We deeply regret that Mr. Bonar Law, speaking for the Government, last night declined to take any step towards modifying the action of the Irish Government. But conceivably this decision is not final. For one thing, he misstated the facts, and treated the demand of the strikers as one for release, which it is not. It is only a few days since a similar refusal was given in the case of Alderman O'Brien, who was on hunger-strike at Wormwood Scrubs; yet two days later Alderman O'Brien, when he seemed likely to die, was removed from prison to hospital. Hunger-striking is, of course, an awkward weapon. It is nothing new. It was practised in the East long before it leaped into notoriety in the tactics of the militant suffragists. Yet the militant suffragists were not allowed to die, and their leaders lived to achieve further fame as among the most violent fanatics of the war. But the militants were convicted after public trial of definite offences, and that is a great deal more than can be said of the Mountjoy prisoners. Many of them are probably entirely innocent of all except the holding of political views which to most of us appear deeply mistaken. Yet, apparently, death is not considered out of the way as a penalty for persistence in these opinions and for passive resistance to what they regard as injustice. It is absurd, and it is in the hightest degree impolitic. This kind of blundering cruelty does not deter. On the contrary it feeds the flame of resentment and indefinitely adds to the force of resistance. If it is desired to make nationalist Ireland wholly intractable, and to destroy the last chance of winning over the more moderate elements which still exist in Irish society, what more effective course could be pursued? A much more sinister interpretation will be put on the whole proceeding by a good many people who have studied from time to time the working of those forces of bitter reaction which yet have their home in the inner ring of the permanent administration of Ireland, and it will be held—we should hope unjustly, for mighty is the force of sheer stupidity—that these things were done of a purpose in the belief that by sufficient provocation the baffling policy at present pursued of merely disrupting the administrative machine may be converted into open resistance, and that so at last force may indeed become a remedy.

Professor Moulton and the "Modern Readers' Bible."

Speaking recently at Manchester, England, Professor Moulton said:

What the Bible needed most today was imagination. This was more important than scholarship. We needed to turn on the full strength of our imagination and endeavor to see it as a record of a living event, but unless we had a clear grasp of the literary form of the Bible this was impossible.

It was a privilege, said Mr. Moulton, to speak on such a theme as the "Modern Readers' Bible," which was simply the revised version with the original literary form exhibited to the eye as perfectly as possible with all the devices of modern printing. For a book to be literature it must be written in some distinct literary form. The Bible was the greatest literaure in the world, yet its literary form had been lost, and without it we could not have a true conception of the meaning and matter. The Book of Job, for instance, was a drama, and no more reflected the opinions of the author than the words in Shakespeare indicated the opinions of the dramatist. Contradictory passages of dramatic dialogue in the Bible had been frequently mistaken by the higher critics for interpolations.

It was impossible for a man to read a modern drama and think that he was reading some narrative of fact. But it was not so with the manuscripts of the Middle Ages. The old pagan manuscripts were in the hands of literary men, and the various forms were ultimately preserved. The Bible manuscripts, however, passed through the hands of a very different set of men who, whatever the debt we owed to them, were anything but literary. They were commentators, and as a consequence to four men out of every five to-day the Bible was nothing more than a volume of texts. You could prove anything with texts. It was only when they were built up into their real form that they possessed any meaning. The Modern Readers' Bible was an attempt to restore this original form.

Gilding the Pill.

Lord Buckmaster in the House of Lords suggested a variant upon the capital levy. The idea at the back of it seems to have been to placate those who cannot get it out of their heads that to take a lot of money out of a man's pockets by means of taxation is necessarily robbery. Whether it is robbery or not depends on the kind, not on the amount, of tax. In order to disguise this so-called robbery Lord Buckmaster would give the taxpayer a Government bond for the same nominal amount as the tax paid but bearing over a limited number of years a low rate of interest or none at all. It is difficult to see what advantages such a scheme would have over the capital levy as usually advocated. It is quite immaterial to the taxpayer whether he is paying an installment of a capital tax or losing the same amount of money in reduced interest on the same nominal amount of capital. Under Lord Buckmaster's scheme he would have a Government bond to play with or put in his strong-box, but, beyond any sentimental satisfaction there might be in that, he would be no better off. It is no use imagining that the heavy taxation necessary for redeeming a substantial part of the debt can be tricked out with financial dressings to look attractive in the eyes of those who have to find the money. If it is agreed that holders of capital are the proper people to tax, and they insist on calling that robbery, they will not call it by any less abusive epithet for being presented with £100 bonds which are really worth £50.

H. S. N.

THE STUDY TABLE

BOOK NOTICES

THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS. E. Washburn Hopkins. New York:1918. The Macmillan Co. 16mo, pp. 6 (4) 624.

Prof. Hopkins' book is the first number in *The Religious Science and Literature Series* appearing under the editorial direction of E. Hershey Sneath of Yale University. Prof. Hopkins is well known from his great work on the Religions of India. His scholarship shows equally in the book before us. It is a handbook of the history of religions from the lowest and more primitive up to the great book religions, which make claim to universal acceptance. The book really falls into two parts—one dealing with the lower religions without a book, the other studying the higher, book, religions. Preliminary chapters state definitions, indicate sources, and present the general characteristics of primitive belief. A condensed statement is then given of African, Polynesian, North American and early European religions—each being used as the vehicle for the presentation of some such general idea as spirit, fetich, idol, myth, *mana, tabu,* etc. Just why there should be a special chapter interpolated here for Ainu Religion and Shamanism is not evident, nor why they should be combined. These chapters show a wide range of reading and form an extraordinary condensation of facts. The manner of presentation is dry beyond description, but the matter forms a treasury of facts for reference. Whole pages are made up of short statements without connection, drawn from many sources, needing most careful reading to grasp their value. The second part of the book deals with the book religions, beginning with those of India and continuing on through those of China, Japan, Egypt, Babylonia-Assyria, Iran, Judaea, Arabia, Greece and Rome, down to Christianity. Here the treatment is quite different and the style becomes more interesting. The work throughout is conscientious and it can be safely asserted that in no other book of its kind is there so great a mass of important material. While not at all a book for "reading," it is of the greatest value as a book of reference and will certainly be frequently consulted by any student who has it at hand.

MODERN PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA. Hereward Carrington. New York:1919. Dodd, Mead and Co. 8vo, pp. (xv) 331.

Mr. Carrington is one of the most industrious writers in the field of psychical phenomena and is always interesting. He is also prominent as an investigator and has observed or carried through various researches. In his new book he gives us a quantity of varied material of uneven value. He groups it under three heads. In Part I he presents a series of original discussions upon the relation of psychical phenomena to evolution, psychology, biology and ethics. He is here at his best and many of his suggestions are deserving of careful attention. In Part III, he describes some recent researches in crystal-vision and crystal-gazing. Experiments and observations by Dr. W. H. Bates and himself are reported in the physiology of the vision of the seer. These are perhaps important, though they are weighted down with a lot of rather poor notes from one of his subjects, which have little significance or value. The second part of the book is, however, the one to which the title chiefly applies and which will have the most interest and importance to the general reader. Here are phenomena of the weirdest and latest kind. And here is where the author is least happy. Here we find Eusapio Palladino again, projection of the astral body, psychic photography, mathematical proof of a spirit-world, obsession, etc. And here our wonder grows. That a man who shows such keenness as Carrington does in his "vitality and the law of conservation," should re-present the claims for Eusapio and see any proof of a spirit-world in the mathematics he gives us, or who sees any value in the matter on obsession which he quotes to the extent of thirteen pages from a French work, or who finds scientific evidence in the Dupont Lee spirit-photographs, or who discovers wisdom in Dr. Holcomb's "profound" treatise on the relation of the sexes in the hereafter, causes us extreme amazement. Carrington makes an appeal for a laboratory for psychic investigations. Surely many things might be discovered in such a laboratory by the methods these investigators endeavor to employ. Credulous patrons may arise who will endow one. We have no objection. During the next few years we are to be overwhelmed with claims and phenomena in this field, and from the vast material something of value may result. In connection with this appeal, we are referred to the frontispiece, which represents a "huge hypnotic wheel." It seems curious to use a picture for a frontispiece, of which nothing is said in the text. The study of the *psychic,* medium or seer, is entirely legitimate and may yield useful lessons.

CAUGHT BY THE TURK. Francis Yeats-Brown. New York:1920. The Macmillan Co. 16mo, pp. (vii) 229.

The great war has brought out an ocean of books of personal experiences. They were popular during the duration of the struggle, but now they may be expected to dwindle in rapidity of appearance and few of them—either those already in print or those still to appear—will have enough of interest, permanent value, or literary style, to hold attention. *Caught by the Turks* has surprisingly little significance. The writer makes a tiresome effort at fine writing but what he has to tell is of no consequence. Nor is it told in a way to attract or hold attention, nor to inform. Owen Wister in a preface says: "In this tale are laughter, horror, adventure, and a lively spirit that makes the best of everything." We confess that we fail to find them. Perhaps other readers will fare better.

THE GLOW-WORM AND OTHER BEETLES. J. Henri Fabre. New York:1919. Dodd, Mead and Co. 16mo, pp. (iv) 488.

The twelfth volume, in English translation, of Fabre's *Souvenirs entomologiques* is now available. It is devoted to The Glow-Worm and other Beetles. The beetles prove no less astonishing in their instinct and life-history than the bees and wasps. They are however far less obtrusive and much less known. One must *look,* if he is to see the oil-beetles and the buprestids at work. The opening essay of the volume, upon the glow-worm is not a part of the original *Souvenirs* but an independent article written shortly before the author's death. As usual, each insect or each group taken for study has some striking peculiarity which is brought out sharply. Thus the sitares and the oil-beetles present what Fabre calls *hypermetamorphosis,* the sirex and the dung-beetles illus-

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER FROM A GERMAN STUDENT.

Bad Brückman (Rhön), Sinnthalhof,
November 3, 1919.

Dear Madam:

Our school thanks you for your letter. We are willingly ready to have a comrade-like intercourse with the boys and girls of your schools, just in this time, when so much hostile sentiment is shown against our country. We, the youth, will help to prepare for the whole world a way for a new, better spirit, a spirit of liberty and fellowship. We believe the correspondence with the youth of other countries to be a good beginning for this and that much good will come from it. Everyone of us would be glad of getting a Christmas card.

Our school has changed its dwelling place. We live for the next time in Brückman (Rhön). Soon it will be decided where we will settle to found our work. Now our school consists of four teachers, one of them for the instruction of music, and six pupils. We strive for a school in which the children of all classes are received and we combat the wrong belief, scientific work to have more value than that of the body. The foster of the spirit, of the culture shall be brought in a good word with that of the handicraft and the agriculture. And the free and comrade-like spirit between the teachers and children on one side and the pupils one with another on the other will always influence to independent and self-productive work.

Please will you be kind enough to give me a particular report of your school? We are interested of knowing whether your pupils think as we. If, however, this should not be the case, it would not prevent of course after so long a time of hate and murder from bringing the idea of humanity nearer to its aim!

With the kindest regards to you and your school.

Die Brückman Freie Schul-und Werkgemeinschaft.

(Signed) Y. A. Lilly Carstens.

THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS IN SIBERIA.

"It seems that originally there were 1,600,000 but owing to various causes—all the way from actually returning and being received in their homes; the German Government's hiring Japanese ships to repatriate their Nationals; the Soviet Government's assuming moral responsibility, whether they have done anything else or not unknown to Mr. Keppel—there are now about 14,000 to 17,000 prisoners, mostly Austrians and Hungarians near Vladivostock with perhaps a few Turks. The Joint Committee is trying to raise $1,500,000 to hire transports from the United States Government for these prisoners (these transports are at present occupied in repatriating Czecho-Slovak troops), at $210.00 apiece, which includes Government ration on the way, to transport them from Vladivostock to Trieste or Fiume.

"We are actually trying to raise $3,000,000. . . .

"The Red Cross has underwritten $250,000; the Joint Distribution Committee of the Jews, $250,000; and the Relief Committee of the Hungarians, $300,000. We hope that the Y. M. C. A. and the Federal Council of the Churches and the Austrian group will be able to increase this fund materially."

From a Letter by Hollingsworth Word to Jane Addams.

FROM THE GERMAN SECTION OF THE WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM.

The German Section of the W. I. L. P. F. demands emphatically and positively that the government of the country should abandon the policy that has

(*Continued on page* 224)

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Author of "New Wars for Old," Etc.

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trate the matter of brilliant metallic coloration, and the burying beetles demonstrate that all is not reason that seems to be such. Fabre's attitude toward "evolution" is always hostile and his purpose is always to deny reason and to emphasize instinct. Whence comes this something that directs the little creature unerringly through a complicated series of acts, all *apparently* purposive, to an end that can only be guessed by the most subtle imagination? Why have the oil-beetles and their kin adopted a course of transformation that carries them not only through the ordinary trio of stages—larva, nymph, adult—but through four larval stages? These differ not only in minor details, but *in toto,* in form, structure, relations, and mode of life. Each one is dependent, too, upon a combination of conditions that renders every stage of the development precarious. The adjustment is marvelous, perfect, but to what end? What advantage does the creature gain by passing through such a diversified career? How was such a life-history, incumbent upon each individual, ever evolved? The brilliant metallic coloration of certain beetles is an equally interesting subject of study. Is it to give men pleasure, for purposes of sex attraction, as "warning," or what? As regards its origin, it seems due to mere waste, oxidation that has no utility in itself, but which is uniformly and infallibly repeated in marvelously complex and beautiful designs. Interesting too is the "simulation of death" performed by many beetles and which has often been considered shrewd cunning on their part. Fabre's experiments show that it is simply a sort of hypnosis, a nervous condition, directly produced by shock. We may not, however, further pursue our author's discussion or hint at the wonders he unfolds. We are more than ever impressed with the idea that insects are astonishing automata; we are again oppressed by the doubt—if they, why not we? We are less satisfied than ever that our author has overthrown evolution, but are more than ever convinced that the course of evolution has been complex, difficult, inexplicable.

Frederick Starr.

(*Continued from page 223*)

been followed hitherto of violence against workers in the Ruhr district.

Through bitter experience we have become convinced that all violence and threats of violence call for further violence on the side of those who are threatened and that this increases the confusion and makes the danger of bloodshed greater.

We women are tired of this policy of blood and weapons which has wasted and torn Germany first in conflict with other peoples and then for a year in civil war.

The workers in the Ruhr district took up arms to protect the Government and the Constitution against military mutiny. The troops which have been sent against them are least of all entitled to exercise judgment and revenge upon them.

Peace and order can return only if these troops are recalled.

It is a wanton trifling with the fate of our already severely tried people to persist in a policy where the accidental occurrence of any moment may let loose the bloodthirst of leaders of bands which have long since outgrown the control of the government.

The last resources of the economic life of our people, already so deeply disorganized are involved, resources that mean too much to us all for us to sacrifice them in order to satisfy the prestige of military ambition to which we have already sacrificed the well being of our people, their morality and culture.

As the only escape from this situation, for the menacing development of which the government is not without blame, we must demand the immediate recall of all troops concentrated in the Rhenish zone of conflict and their return to their barracks and the laying down of their arms by the workers' troops in the Rhineland. To prevent future danger to national reconstruction from anti-constitutional militarism, it is essential that all officers and men who had the slightest sympathy for the military "Putsch" should be eliminated from the Reichswehr and other bodies of troops, that volunteers should be done away with, that a policy of violence at home or abroad should be thoroughly and permanently put an end to.

Liberal and just economic and legal policies which the Government has certainly not yet been able to inaugurate would without fail lead to quiet and good order and contentment on the part of all the better elements of the population and these constitute the majority.

Violent measures, those from above, are the soil out of which the minority of trouble makers, mutineers and men of violence gain enough power to carry destruction to the very marrow of the state and the people.

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